Mineral Baths--Bursa, Turkey

Steam lifts to the rotunda, its
running arabesques round windows thick and old,
aswarm with aureoles.

Down here the men soon draw
apart, spurning visionary air for
modesty. The wives
within their separate rooms

play fast and loose
with luminosity,

stream in flesh
inseparable
from light.

Paradise may be a place
we never know

where things leave off.
I know a moment swims in

sight, those misted baths in Bursa
where Woman flows
as light.